UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS ALL:—

Your sympathies, expressed and unexpressed, are fraught with strength and comfort. I have no better way of thanking you than by taking up the work which sustains and cheers as nothing else can. The poor, suffering body of the wife and mother now rests in the quiet garden spot of the heart in the peaceful Hillside Valley in Wisconsin, with those of my father, mother, brothers, sisters and other kindred dear. The leave-taking was soothed and consecrated by the words of Brother F. A. Gilmore, Pastor of the Unitarian Church at Madison, on Saturday last, October 28, 1911. Some memorial words by friends who knew her and her work in Chicago will be spoken at the Abraham Lincoln Centre next Sunday, November 5, at 3:30 p. m. Some of these words will in time find a place in these columns. Meanwhile let us to our tasks, for "the night cometh in which no man can work."

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

What means this triumphal march of the President of the United States, the generous greeting, the enthusiastic welcome, the painful jam, the often dangerous crushes of the people, not only to see and to hear but that they may be seen and heard? Is it curiosity to see the highest man of the Republic? (And all curiosity is not idle.) Is it to gratify the lust for excitement, the enjoyment of an *occasion?* Is it the passion for partisan excitement and political agitation? All this and much more. In that "much more" we like to believe lies the partially developed reverence in the human heart for the representatives of law and order. It represents the crude devotion of Democracy to the ideal. It is the promise of a civilization higher and finer than anything yet realized on earth. It is a civic devotion, with a smaller percentage of vulgarity, selfishness and ignorance than follows in the train of any crowned head in Europe, or any cleric in Christendom.

UNITY has often saluted John McCutcheon as one of the great teachers of righteousness in Chicago. His cartoons on the front page of the *Chicago Tribune* reach an audience vastly greater and at times with more incisive power than is given to any cleric speaking over a pulpit, however available. Mr. McCutcheon is at present running a series that illustrates the life of young Dawson, the hopeful, clean college graduate who seeks his fortune in the great city. It is a Twentieth Century version of the Prodigal Son reversed. The trials and career of the good boy who did not "waste his substance in riotous living" is one that shows the literary as well as artistic skill of this preacher artist. We hope the career of young Dawson will be illustrated to the end. Brother McCutcheon, let us see Dawson with the grey hairs. Like all students of a continuous story, we are impatient to see the end. But take your time, do not abbreviate the long story of life, and when it is completed we will put it in a book that future preachers may be re-inforced by your genius as many are today.

McClure's Magazine becomes a necessity on the library table of the preacher, editor, reformer and every home-maker for the next few months, if for no other reason than that it is to contain Jane Addams' series of articles on "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil," the first number of which appears in the November issue. Of course the "ancient evil" is the "social" evil and the "new conscience" is the product of the scientific study of all the facts involved. It comes from a frank determination on the part of the would-be virtuous to know the facts,—all the facts, concerning the proscribed victims of vice. The reports of the Vice Commissions, particularly of the cities of Chicago and Minneapolis, just at hand, illustrate what we mean. The result of these studies necessitates an analysis of the situation, a division of the question and consequently a division of the responsibility, and a new location of much of the criminality. The "social evil" becomes no longer unspeakable, a thing to be ignored, to be hidden, to be segregated. It is a faithless assumption that holds it forever an inevitable and "necessary" evil. By the light of modern studies we now see that lust is but a small element in this social evil. Greed of money and greed of power, political power, the power to control votes before election, and to profit by the office after election, are the more obstinate and aggressive elements in this evil. Miss Addams' timely article, illuminated, as all her writings are, with "painful" cases in point, startling illustrations, dipped from the deep life streams that eddy about her, will vividly vindicate her assertions. We cannot by legislation or civic enforcement pluck passion out of the human body, but we can hold

householders responsible for the uses to which their property is put. We can eliminate, if need be, ten thousand policemen, from the man on his beat to the chief in his office, until we find a force who have eyes to see what all other citizens know and a will to enforce the ordinance, plain as a pikestaff, that any school boy of the Eighth Grammar Grade can read and understand, and when these things are realized, much, aye, most of the awful stain of the life of a modern city is gone. In brief, the complex thing which is now known as the "social evil" in our cities can be wiped out and must go. Let those who doubt it follow Miss Addams' articles.

When Jane Addams ventured on her "Reminiscences" UNITY entered its protest, but when she had completed them it heartily endorsed. Her "Reminiscences," shot through and through with prophecies and living problems, were so illuminated with heart experiences that her book became one of the most forward-looking that has come from the press for some time. We are fain to confess to a similar feeling when the press announced the "Autobiography" of Robert La Follette. We thought he was too young a man to tell his own story, too much engrossed in the future to have time to think of the past. But judging from the two numbers already issued in the *American Magazine* for October and November, we are again compelled to revise our judgment in accord with the feelings that have been already reorganized by the readings already offered. These are timely contributions to the culture of our day. These papers should be read by young men in college, by the boys and girls of the high schools, for they reveal the hidden sources of power in this, as in all lives. To the casual admirer or opponent, as the case may be, Robert La Follette seems the most spontaneous of public men. His speeches carry with them the characteristics of extemporaneous speech. His rhetoric is so vehement, his attitude so pugnacious, that one looks for the inspirations of both in the immediate presence and the pressure of the hour. But these papers dissipate this illusion. It reveals the hardworking mind, the strenuous student, the man who, when elected to Congress, goes to Washington and takes a course of congressional studies during a preceding session that he may be better fitted for his work, the man who, when appointed to a place on the Committee on Indian Affairs, at once gathered all literature bearing on the subject about him and his room became a reference library on the subject—the man who, with his young wife, spent long hours during his first Congressional career in addressing envelopes and sending printed matter to his constituents, educating them on the questions at issue. It is worth while to know what the formative influences were that shaped this man's ideals,—how John Bascom, President of the Wisconsin University, stands out in his academic dignity and ethical power as reflected in the subsequent life of this farmer lad on the campus. This is not the time or place to analyze or to prematurely praise this "Autobiography," but it is the time to speak of it as profitable reading, not simply on account of the light it throws upon some of the dark places in American politics, but on account of the spiritual revealments of the forces that ultimately triumph, the truths that eventually win and the causes that are worth while.

Perhaps the most significant gathering, not only of the year but of the decade, measured by its forward-reaching significance, was that held last week in the city of Madison, Wisconsin. It was a conference in the interests of the development of Social Centers, chiefly using the educational machinery of the country as such. The meeting itself was a brilliant one, entertained and, we believe, largely backed by the University of Wisconsin. Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey and Governor Stubbs of Kansas headed the list of attendants who enjoy national reputation. UNITY has seen the birth and growth of this use of the word "Center." Modestly, we believe it has had not a little to do in creating it. What is a "Center" as used in this connection? To use our own oft-repeated phrase, "it is a point toward which all the legitimate needs of society may tend and from which all the available assistance may radiate." The badge of this organization shows the roads leading from the four corners to the school-house that occupies the center. There is history as well as prophecy in the diagram. The better life of the formative community that made the Middle West sections of our country particularly, was fostered in the old school-house, first built of logs, then in the "little Red School-house" built in pine at the corners. Those school-houses were the trysting places of patriotism, art, drama, sociability and fun. And these men and women at Madison eloquently urged, whether they realized it or not, not something new in the life of our nation, but a revival of old-time potencies. These agitators of "new things" think they ventured a radical suggestion when they put the school-house in the center of the diagram. Some day, not very far distant, another Conference like unto this, only greater, will be held, and they will put the little church somewhere into the diagram. The house with a steeple or a belfry will occupy a place in that square. Already the traveler in rural districts who does not go at automobile speed comes often upon the happy combination where the school-house, the country church and the neighborhood

burial ground consecrate the same corner, invite the common love and protection of the community. We have in mind a village,—it is in Wisconsin, too,—where, by the forethought of the village fathers, the one square holds the Congregational Church, a Methodist Church, a Catholic Church and the public school-house,—each of them given a corner which they amicably occupy. Some day that village will beautify the whole square, perchance put a fence around it and give the intervening spaces park beauty. It will become a place where children will play, lovers will stroll, and the aged will sit and muse over the life that has been lived and dream of the life to be. Oh, there is something beautiful in store for the children of men when they learn to think of their well-being together. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." This is a text applicable to the earthly Jerusalem, the City of God, in time and space, on the earth, among men.

What Shall be Done With Our Sisters?

Mayor Harrison is winning the applause of the people by his energetic onslaught upon various forms of what is called "vice." His raid upon the gambling dens of the city calls for unqualified commendation. That is an unmitigated evil and its suppression brings good to every one and evil to no one,—not even to the gamblers themselves. Of all forms of vice, gambling is the most disastrous; it destroys the foundation of character, it leads to every kind of dishonesty, and the gamblers themselves in the end are the victims of their own schemes to defraud others. The Mayor therefore is worthy of all praise in the effort that he is making to clean up the city of Chicago so far as its gamblers are concerned. Let him go on in his good work until it is impossible to carry on in this city with safety any game of chance. And let him push this reform to its logical conclusion and discourage, so far as he possibly can, all forms of mere speculation, like the buying and selling of wheat on a margin, of railroad stock, or any other thing which the buyer does not really buy and pay for, but upon which he simply bets as to its rise or fall.

The Mayor has also entered upon what is commonly called a "Crusade against the Social Evil." He has issued an order closing up one of the most notorious resorts in the segregated districts of the city. Consistency will require that he shall go on and close all other like resorts that openly advertise themselves to the public. The inevitable result of this will be the abandonment of the segregated district by women who now occupy it. Now these women will still continue to be in existence. All other ways of making a living are closed against them, both by the decree of society and by the habits of their own lives. The suppression of this evil is not nearly so simple a matter as the suppression of the vice of gambling. The women still live and must live until they die. They will inevitably scatter themselves throughout the city, and with more or less secrecy continue their way of life. It might be possible to deport them to some other city, but that would simply be transferring the evil from one locality to another. It is not possible to arrest them all and sentence them to life imprisonment, nor would public opinion for a moment entertain the thought that these thousands of our sisters should be taken out in boats into the middle of the lake and there sent mercifully to their death. And even if this drastic measure were adopted, the evil would still remain and thousands of other sisters of ours, betrayed by the lust of men, wold come in to take their places. This problem cannot be solved by any short-hand method. The question, "What shall be done with our sisters?" concerns every man in the city of Chicago, and every man in the whole world. If there were no evil men there would be no evil women, and therefore the only real remdy of this evil lies in the chastity of men. But this can hardly be hoped for in the present stage of human evolution. Society at large, and the churches in particular, are called upon to do their part in solving this problem. One of the first things to be done is to get rid of the double standard of morals. The men and the women must be made equal, not only before the written law of the state, but also before the unwritten law of society. The woman must be looked upon as a woman, even though she has sinned against one of the primal laws of her womanhood. And above all, we must not overlook the fact that in these despised members of our family we have the strongest of all forces for the enrichment of human life. It was not without reason that Jesus said that harlots entered the Kingdom of Heaven before the Pharisees. It was out of such as these that he built up his church. The Christian Church in the days of its greatness had no difficulty in solving the problem that baffles modern civilization. The woman of the street became the woman of the Church, she was received as a sister, her sins were forgiven her, she was set to work at the task of saving others even as she herself had been saved. In those days the Church was without equipment; it had no great buildings, it had no vast endowments, it had no finely educated and wealthy clergy; it was simply a band of men and women striving together to save each other from the weltering storm of lust and cruelty that was then sweeping over the world. It

found its strength in these outcasts of society, it brought them together and banded them in a great human brotherhood, and their combined strength was sufficient to overcome the world. Today we have a highly organized, perfectly equipped institution; we have thirty-two millions of registered Christians; we have churches without number, free from taxation, and given other privileges by the state in consideration of the work that they are supposed to do for the community. The utterly lost women are a negligible quantity in the midst of the great population of the United States, less than one per cent, and it would seem within the bounds of possibility that something might be done which would prevent these women from being compelled to live the life they do and to rescue them from the miseries to which they are subjected. We profess and call ourselves Christians, but instead of going, as the Founder of Christianity did, to these women with words of love upon our lips, we go to them in the person of our policemen with a club in our hands. We turn them out of their houses and tell them that they shall not earn their living in the only way that they can now do it, and we proffer them no better way.

This question then confronts the people of Chicago today. The Mayor is closing these evil resorts. These, our sisters, are being turned adrift, and there is no agency at hand to help them. What can we expect other than that they shall carry the poison of their lives into the very secret veins of society and cause it to circulate through the whole social body to its sickness and death? Practically, one would say that our great city needs a "moral" police much more than it needs a "political" police. The men and women of Chicago should at once organize a force of at least five thousand people, each of the churches, Catholic and Protestant, Ethical and Agnostic, to contribute of their best to that police. These persons should become acquainted with conditions in every part of the city by themselves visiting all places where liquors are sold, and where women and girls are to be found. This "Moral Police" should not go in the first instance as a repressive force, it should take part in all that goes on in these various resorts so far as it can do so without trespassing any moral or civil law. In the saloons one could drink butter-milk or soda-water if he utterly abjured any alcoholic beverage. Decent women present in such places would at once be a rebuke and an encouragement to their fallen sisters. Being there as a part of the company congregated in that place, they would exercise a power from within and without. Peradventure such a moral police would do more to reform evil conditions within a city in a year than all the policemen with their clubs and their prisons could do in a decade. All it requires is faith manifesting itself by works. Is it too much to ask of the people of this great city who enjoy the privileges of their churches, their ethical societies and the like, to do something that will justify their existence? God does not need their churches, their worship of him is a vain oblation, to sing their songs is trifling with his Majesty. What God demands is that these his children who are "lost" shall be "found," and they that are dead shall be called back to life.

Let us suggest, then, as a practical thing, that every church society declare its willingness to undertake this great task of lifting the wretched out of their misery and the poor from the degradation of poverty. If the churches and ethical societies and the like cannot or will not do this thing, then they will have lost their moral leadership, they will have confessed themselves, in the face of the world, to be failures, and out in that world which they condemn will be found the men and the women able to accomplish this great thing for humanity.

ALGERNON SIDNEY CRAPSEY.

THE RETURN TO THE TRAGEDIES

I close the pastoral page.
Here end the hours of woodland idleness;
Here ends the pleasaunce of some happier age
Where Music walked with Summer as of old,
And Love was not denied, and that distress
Which vexes earthlier lovers slept untold.
Here ends the idyl of the earlier page;
Here ends the Age of Gold.

To deeper things I turn.
Unto the failure of emprise, the fate
Mortality so tardily must learn,
The fallen crown, the goal achieved too late,
The uncertain shadows wherein to and fro
There stalks a veiled ghost that will not rest,
The star-crossed passions, and the thrusts of hate,
The old immedicable human woe
Touched into peace, the pain that is not pain,
The Purpose wider than the paths we prest,
The sorrow rising out of sorrow slain—
Yea, Tragedy seems best!

—*Arthur Stringer in Everybody's.*

INNOCENCE

I tower so high above you, little son,
You think me brave and strong and passing wise;
While I, with half life's battles fought and done,
Bow to the glory that around you lies,—
The visions white you brought from Paradise.
My soul soars to your level, spotless one,
Only when on my knees I meet your eyes,—
Not when I tower above you, little son.

—*Emily Sargent Lewis.*

Brothers, sisters, all good men and true women, let the Master seat us where he will. Until he says, "Come up higher," let us sit at the foot of the board, or stand behind, honored in waiting upon his guests. All that kind of thing is worth nothing in the kingdom; and nothing will be remembered of us but the Master's judgment.—*George MacDonald.*

We live truly, exactly in proportion as we go out of ourselves and enter into the fulness of the experience of those whom we serve, and by whom in turn we are served.—*Wescott.*

THE PULPIT

The Dreamer of Dreams.

SERMON PREACHED AT THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, DES MOINES, IOWA, OCTOBER 8, 1911, BY REV. EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

Some sort of Magnificat is sung for every child born. Every one, however sordid and broken the life from which it came, is a child of prayers and of dreams. There is always the hope that maybe he will be great, a leader, a prophet, a genius. And that is the source *of genius,—not the dilletantesm of the comfortable* moralizing folks, but out of the dreams of the millions. Back of him there were stern faced men and sad faced women, plain people in whose hearts strange enthusiasms, born out of their burdens and wrongs, their sorrows and joys and passions, lay through ages of silent toil, and then one speaks. He is the man with imagination to sense the spirit of his people and to find correct symbols to express that spirit. He interprets his people to themselves, translates biological impulses and economic necessities into eternal ideals. When he speaks it is the voice of millions; an age has spoken. No great prophet ever preached at people, but always for them: his message is always, "We, too, are men! See, this is what the life mystery means to us. Here is our vision."

Woe to the people who do not dream dreams. Their life shrivels in their hands. It turns men and women to machines, strips existence of its charm and sanctity. They may grow rich in possession but they cannot enrich life for the world. The barrenness within hushes song and the laughter of children, turns pleasures to mere motor excitement, religion to cheap sensationalism or dead formalism, property to plunder, work to drudgery, love to lust. Having lost sight of the pillar of fire, they cease their pilgrimage in the progress of the ages, they dig holes in the sand of the desert in which they are lost and console themselves that they are "practical." They honor as the "successful" man him who can heap up the largest pile of yellow dust for the winds of tomorrow to scatter again.

I tell you the practical men, those who achieve anything even in material progress, are the dreamers. The steam locomotive, the telegraph, the American nation, the Catholic Church, the Standard Oil Company are only some one's dreams crystallized.

The ages of achievement, when the pulse of life runs high and values are clearly sensed are the ages that have builded their lives on a dream. Athens with its dream of beauty, the first Christian Century with its dream of the Kingdom of God on earth, the Sixteenth Century with its drea mof a regenerate humanity, the Eighteenth with its dreams of liberty, these are the times when men have found themselves, the ages of faith when humanity has known its reason for existence and it was glorious to be alive.

Our age is beginning to dream dreams. A great human ideal is taking possession of the millions, and wherever you turn you meet it in some form. This enthusiasm for humanity shows itself in a growing sense of solidarity of the world's workers, a comradeship of all who do anything useful. The most powerful sentiments of loyalty and devotion in the modern world are seen in connection with this. The Labor Union is only one phase of the movement, but even in this, any one who can see only its most unfortunate manifestations and thinks of it only as a perverse, arbitrary, brutal organization seeking only to increase the burdens for employers, has a mere caricature of a source of some of the profoundest enthusiasms of his fellowmen. He is like those Catholic scholars who used to think that the reformation was all stirred up because Maritn Luther wanted to get married.

But the vision inspiring all this new awakening is this: These millions of toilers are not simply trying to dispossess those who have been successful in life or revenge themelves on those against whom they feel they have a grievance. They feel that they are called by the universe to play a great part in the history of humanity. They dream of a new world, a reconstituted humanity in which only justice and brotherhood shall be established. They feel a new civilization organizing itself in their midst, and some day a prophet shall come to give this dream its religious interpretation, then the new age will be born, and the only revival of religion possible will take place. Many are beginning to feel that for the first time in history the material conditions of living are so shaping themselves as to make real human brotherhood possible. The world has been drawn close together through the means of communication, the complexity of modern life has increased our interdependence, and the mastery of the secrets of nature and her forces, given us in that great Nineteenth century, ought to make us cry "Eureka, at last it is no longer necessary to plunder our brothers in order to get enough to eat." Power machinery is the answer to the arguments of Malthus. A race who can navigate the air, dig the Panama Canal, chemically analyze the stars and trace its own evolution up through a million generations of constant triumph of life from the Paleozoic slime,—what business have we with slums, with half-fed children growing up in an environment of ignorance and misery and crime? How can we longer endure to see the souls and bodies of men and women sold in the markets for gain? We can master our common life if we will, we can have the kingdom of righteousness and peace if we dare take it, we can triumph if we believe our own ideals. Out of all this has come a great enthusiasm; it is the real religion of our age.

The sad fact is that so many church members so fail to understand it. It was out of just this enthusiasm that Christianity sprang into human history, and this has been its dream in all the long centuries. Have we not the eyes to see our own religion when it comes to us in different form and clothed in new terms? I think the ability to see that is the test whether or not one is a Christian.

There is seldom any wrong-doing which does not carry along with it some downfall of blindly-climbing hopes, some hard entail of suffering, some quickly-satiated desire that survives, with the life in death of old paralytic vice, to see itself cursed by its woeful progeny—some tragic mark of kinship in one brief life to the far-stretching life that went before, and to the life that is to come after, such as has raised the pity and terror of men ever since they began to discern between will and destiny.—*George Eliot.*

What is Happening to the American Home?

Address Given at the Woman's Congress, Tower Hill, Wisconsin, August 11, 1911, by Lutie E. Stearns, of the Wisconsin Library Commission

"The private home is the public hope."

With this great truth in mind, it is interesting to trace the evolution of the home from the primeval days to modern times. "Primitive man," we are told, "set forth from his cave to kill an animal or two, skinned or 'skun' it, and then retired to a secluded nook in the jungle with other primitive men to discuss the beginning of politics. Primitive woman, in the cave, cooked the animal for food, made clothing of its skin, necklaces and bracelets of its teeth, passementerie of its claws, needles of its sharper bones, saved its whiskers for mattresses and sofa pillows, and then washed the dishes."

It is not such a far cry from the cave-woman to the Colonial woman, with her household employments. She was expected to direct and manage such concerns as raising small stock, dairying, marketing, combing, carding, knitting, sewing, pickling, preserving, etc., etc. The diary of a young girl of Revolutionary days has been handed down to us in which it recorded that she fixed a gown for Prudy, mended mother's riding hood, spun short thread, fixed two gowns for Welsh's girls, carded tow, spun linen, worked on a cheese basket, hatcheled flax with Hannah,—they did fifty-one pounds apiece,—plaited and ironed, read a sermon of Doddridge's, spooled a piece, milked the cows, spun linen, did fifty knots, made a broom of Guinea-wheat straw, set a red dye, had two scholars from Mrs. Taylor's, spun harness twine, and scoured the pewter. She tells also of washing clothes, cooking, knitting, weeding the garden, dipping candles and making soap. The kitchen of the farm-houses of those days was the most cheerful, homelike and picturesque room in the house. The chimneys and fireplaces were vast in size,—sometimes so big that the fore logs and back logs for the fire had to be dragged in by a horse and a long chain or a great hand-sled was kept for the purpose. Often there were seats within the chimney on either side, where the children could sit and watch the sparks fly upward. Nothing was bought to eat, drink or wear in those days. One old Massachusetts farmer wrote in 1787, "My farm gave me and my family a good living on the produce of it, and left me one year with another 150 silver dollars, for I never spent more than $10 a year, which was for salt, nails and the like." Every family in Colonial days was ordered to spin so many pounds of flax a year, and a bounty was given for linen grown, spun and woven in the Colonies. Three hundred women spun at one time for prizes on Boston Common.

We hear much in these days of manual training schools and trade schools, as if they were our own times' invention, and yet we find record of a spinning school in Massachusetts, erected at a cost of $75,000, a tax being levied on coaches and carriages for its support. In the summer of 1775, while preparing for war, the Provincial Congress made a demand upon the women of the country for 1300 warm coats, to be ready by cold weather, an order that was readily filled. In the Civil War days of '61, the loom was brought again into use in the South, when old wool mattresses were transformed into Confederate uniforms by the mountain women of the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee. Had President McKinley made such a requisition upon the women of our land during the Spanish-American war, how many women could have helped fill it by the work of their own hands?

To our mind there is a moral responsibility involved in all the modern labor-saving devices. "When one gets light by simply pushing a button, heat by turning a screw, water by touching a faucet, and food from the delicatessen shop or by going down or up in an elevator, and clothes at the all-ready-to-wear establishments," says a modern critic, "life is so detatched from the healthy physical exercise and discipline which used to accompany the mere process of living, that one must scramble energetically to a higher plane or drop to a lower one." This is indeed a "get-things-done-quickly age," a "ready-to-put-on-and-wear-home age," a "just-add-hot-water-and-serve age," a "take-it-or-leave-it-I'm-very-busy age." A Pittsburg club-woman gave up all her memberships in clubs, having decided to devote her entire time to husband and family, and the "Homely Ladies' Journal" applauded her action. Shortly after, an article by a club-woman appeared in the *Success* Magazine, showing how one woman attended to her club and home as well. She resolved to systematize. She began by discharging all her helpers. She threw away heavy iron pots. She packed away rarely used dishes. She turned her pantry into a kitchenette. A small stove with broiler and portable oven cooks all the meals with the help of a fireless cooker. She varnished and waxed the kitchen floor, used small rugs, and so eliminated hard scrubbings. Kitchen table-tops of glass greatly reduced the work of keeping things clean. Paper napkins, liberally used, practically eliminated wipe-up rags. All garbage went down a tube to the cellar as fast as it developed. She installed labor-saving devices,—a washing machine, a dish washer, a vacuum cleaner, a fireless cooker, electric irons and a movable motor, attachable to an electric light fixture. The motor chopped the meat, polished the silver, vacuum-cleaned the house, brushed the shoes and did the family washing. Breakfast was mostly arranged for the night before. Toast and coffee were prepared at the table on electric devices. Dinner almost took care of itself via the fireless cooker. During one year of taking care of her house in this way, Mrs. Pattison says she visited and addressed forty clubs, attended eighteen meetings, traveling 5,790 miles, wrote about 2,500 letters and postal cards, sent numberless messages by telephone and telegraph, and fulfilled all the social obligations devolving upon a member of a hospitable community.

Apropos of domestic affairs, I have heard a story of Mrs. Youngwed, who had taken lessons in cooking through a correspondence course. One morning she asked, "My dear, what would you like to have for dinner this evening?" "Well," he replied smiling, "we'll have lesson 4 with exception "C," a little of lesson 9, and perhaps the postscript of lesson 12 for dessert."

John Cavanaugh, the president of Notre Dame University, said recently that within his lifetime

he has seen three passions amazingly developed in the American people,—the pasion for travel from place to place, the passion for public entertainments, and the passion for mingling with other people as against home life. "I find the railroad trains crowded, the five-cent theatres packed, and modern methods of heating driving out the family hearth," said President Cavanaugh. "McCutcheon once had a cartoon in which the son of the family, home from college, did not have time to greet his father, he was so pressed with social engagements. That boy is legion. The effect of this restless, moving, unreposeful life will be national neurasthenia."

The old days of quiet home-staying are indeed for the most part gone. A recipe for a modern home is about as follows: "Put a man and a woman in a frame building and add children to suit. Run a few cooks through the kitchen and out, sprinkle with doctors' and dressmakers' visits, bills and scraps of various kinds, and bring to a boil. When cool, serve slowly during a life-time."

Many families are now mortgaging their homes and firesides to buy automobiles, which are rapidly turning the pedestrians of the nation into two great classes, the "Quick" or the "Dead."

Mr. Irving Bacheller, the author of Eben Holden, has recently said: "Not so long ago, when even in cities, Americans lived at home and were well acquainted with their wives and their authors, and hadn't so many of either, a good book had a first mortgage on the leisure of cultured people. New forces are now competing with the works of the author. Think of the automobile works, the aeroplane works. The touring car is writing the story on the sands and pavements. Bridge parties and modern recreations have usurped a large part of the leisure formerly given to reading."

Modern living conditions are doing away with books in the home, both for lack of money with which to buy them and lack of room in which to store them, all of which has led to the recent exploitation of a "Five-Foot Shelf of Books," which is said to comprise all necessary material for a complete education. But even better than this, we now have a "Five-Inch Library," the titles of which have been suggested by one Mr. John McSweeney as follows:

"Extract the chapter on 'Habit' from Professor James' 'Psychology'—that tells about yourself; the chapter on "Supreme Regrets' in Lord Roseberry's 'Last Days of Napoleon'—the Bitterness of Ambition Gone Astray; Chapter 12 of Lecky's 'Map of Life'—the management of character; Chapter 7 of Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus;' Chapters 6, 7 and 8 of Franklin's 'Autobiography;' Emerson's Essay on 'Compensation'; Chapter 9 in the 'Wonders of Life,' by Haeckel; and the Chapter on 'Science and Religion' in Haeckel's 'Riddle of the Universe'."

In a recent book by Clarence Hawkins, entitled "Will the Home Survive?" the author asks: "Will the family, that institution which we have long regarded as the 'unit of civilization,' the foundation of the state, survive modern conditions?" The very form of the question startles us, but we have to recall only a few facts to remind ourselves that the family of our father's time has almost entirely gone. Its going has not been caused by any revolution, it has passed so imperceptibly that we scarcely realize that it is gone. Indeed in a few cases it may remain in something like its original state, but for the most part the home, as our fathers knew it, has entirely passed from our civilization. "Home, for the most part, especially in large cities, is a matter of history," says Robert Hunter, in his suggestive book on "Poverty." "The economic development of the last one hundred years has destroyed and left in its stead a mere shadow of what was once the source of all things essential to the world. The mills, factories, slaughter-houses, breweries and bakeries took from the home the various trades; the state supplied the defense, and the city the water supply; the sanitarium, the surgeon, the alienist took precautions against disease and replaced home remedies by skilled practice and medical science. The home is now a few rooms in a crowded tenement or apartment house. The fields have diminished to commons, the commons to yards, the yards to light-shafts; the tenement has become yardless; the little or nothing has replaced the social losses of the home."

In this connection, I agree with a recent drastic critic of modern conditions, that when the Government no longer permits the conditions to exist that make the rate of infant mortality appallingly high, and when wars cease to drain each generation of its strongest men, then can statesmen urge upon American women the bearing of children. Among the well-to-do, the bearing of children finds less place in the conduct of this generation. The desire of uninterrupted social life, and in other cases the dread of want, are two forces, says a sociologist, that are warring against the holy trinity of father, mother, and child, which characterized the home of our fathers. Furnished rooms, boarding houses and hotels can never be true homes for married people. They lack the sense of possession, of privacy, of permanency and of personality that give an atmosphere of peace and sacredness to a home of one's own, no matter how small, how modest and plain it may be. They bear the same relation to real homes that an incubator does to a hen,—a mechanical imitation of a living reality. The wife in the boarding house has not that absorbing stimulus which, in a home of her own, would fill her hours with duties transmuted into pleasures. The days of her inaction are filled with all sorts of useless time-killers, like bridge parties, shopping, matinees, calling, visiting beauty parlors and the like. Hotels give more independence, but more loneliness. The bringing up of children in such places should be considered a criminal offense on the part of parents, who should suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

Charles R. Henderson, in his book on "Social Elements," says: "The dwelling is humanized matter and becomes the symbol of all hallowed memories. The home has had a history, but marked changes are now coming to pass. Land is costly and taxes are high. As a result, tier above tier, city families live in lofty and crowded hives or in fashionable hotels. House-building follows the order of consolidation and co-operation. Isolation is more and more difficult. Privacy is disturbed. Very often there is no suitable provision for children, and it is to be feared that boarding house and hotel life are responsible for a dangerous decrease in the

number of children born and reared."

A New York man has recently queried: "Where is the old-fashioned mother, who used to tuck us was infinite, and who, as we came up more and ing in the odor of cylinder oil at forty miles an hour, and some is playing bridge.

"Mother, while she lasted, was a good thing, but the necessity of her is now past. Her patient, cheerful face, her obsolete notions, her thrift, her folded hands when resting, and her genuine piety have all gone out.

"We realize now our mistake. She meant well, but she didn't know. We think of her with that kindliness, that hearty sympathy, that broad-minded tolerance which we are ever ready to accord to sincerity, even though it is misplaced. And then it must be remembered that at the time she existed, there was, in reality, a necessity for someone like her. We didn't know so much then as we do now. We were more or less dependent on mother, crude as she was. Now, however, that we are educated so early, and there is so much enlightened method about everything, we really don't need help from home. The newly born infant will soon be able to rise from his crib and go himself to the nearest hospital, where he will have his tonsils and adenoids removed, be properly vaccinated and inoculated with the latest serums, and go back to his push-button and radiator all ready for business."

There are wives, it is true, who spend most of their days outside the home walls, devoting their golden hours of possibility to frivolous amusement. The house is delegated to the care of servants; the children are practically orphaned under the trusteeship of nurses. The husbands, engrossed in business, are mere lodgers in their own homes. Husband and wife are too much interested in the "sidelines" of life to spend thought on making home a success or in getting pleasure out of it. The exodus of a wife to a resort, such as Palm Beach, Florida, for the winter, Atlantic City for the spring, and the Adirondacks for the summer, throws into the shadow all thought of the loneliness and other hardships it may entail on her husband. Such absences oftimes prove a short-cut, as someone has said, from "matrimony to alimony."

In England it apparently is just the same. Speaking of this subject to Marie Corelli, an Englishman says he has long ceased to expect any comfort or pleasure in the magnificent house his wealth pays for, but which, under its present government, might as well be a hotel, where he is sometimes allowed to take the head of the table. The Englishman continued with an air of quiet resignation, "Ladies have so many more interests nowadays than in my father's time. They do so many things that it is really burdensome! My wife, for example, is always out. She has so many engagements. She has scarcely five minutes to herself and is often quite unstrung with fatigue and excitement. She has no time to attend to housekeeping, and of course the children are almost entirely with their nurse and governess." She rises from her bed at 11, and occupies all the time until two o'clock in dressing, manicuring, transforming and massageing. She also receives and sends a few telegrams. At two she goes out in the carriage or auto and lunches with some intimates at one of the fashionable restaurants. Luncheon over, she returns and lies down for an hour. Then she arrays herself in an elaborate tea-gown and receives a favored few in her boudoir, where, over a cup of tea, she proceeds to tear into piecemeal portions the characters of her dearest friends. Another rest, and again the business of the toilet is resumed. Then she either goes out to dinner or entertains a party of guests at her own table. A tete-a-tete meal with her husband would appear to her in the light of a positive calamity. She stays up playing bridge until two or three o'clock in the morning, retires to bed more or less exhausted, and can only sleep with the aid of narcotics. She resumes the same useless existence and perpetrates the same wicked waste of time again the next day and every day. The housekeeper takes all the accounts to her husband, who meekly pays the same. He lives half the time at his club, or with his various sporting friends. He knew what home was in his mother's day, but since he took for his life partner a rapid lady of the new "Motor School of Morals," he stands like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, contemplating the complete wreckage of his hopes of life and knowing sadly enough that he can never sail the seas of hope again.

The ease of modern home life reflects upon the rising generations as well. No chores, no duties, no responsibility for the growing young men and young women. In a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "A Letter to the Rising Generation," we are told that they lack force, personality and the power to endure. They do not know the meaning of such words as unselfishness or character. In these days of divorce mills, what sort of moral stamina can young people possess when fathers and mothers have "tandem" arangements of successive husbands, wives and affinities?

The breaking down of modern family life is furthered by the sensual and salacious novel or magazine serial of the day in its defense of looseness as to the marriage relation. The modern drama oftimes argues alluringly for greater liberty in making and breaking the marriage tie. Bernard Shaw, in his "Man and Superman," teaches that the present institution of the family must be abolished before we can expect to produce a better race. Ibsen, in the "Doll's House" and "Ghosts," makes telling arguments for individualism. Individualism,—the right to live one's life as one pleases,—is the most destructive weapon that is being used today against the sancity of the home. Read Max Nordau's "The Right to Love," for example, or Robert W. Chambers' "The Common Law" as up-to-date propaganda for the doctrine of free love.

Now, the only way out of this distressing hurly-burly of modern living is to return to the old-time home-building and home-ownership; true fire-sides, such as our own Longfellow pictured in "The Hanging of the Crane"—

> "O fortunate, O happy day
> When a new household finds its place
> Among the myriad homes of earth."

The modern contempt for house-building was recently expressed by a contributor to *Life* as follows: "Dwelling houses may be constructed of anything from paper to concrete. When built of paper, they consist of

ground plans, front elevations and mortgages. When they progress to something more substantial they do not resemble in any way the front elevation or the ground plan of the paper stage, and are, therefore, disappointing in these particulars. The mortgage, however, always comes up to expectations. The houses of the elect may be distinguished by the butler's pantry; of the middle classes by the reception hall, and those of the Hoi Polloi by the parlor. Houses are useful to eat in, sleep in, bathe in, dress in, hide in, be seen in, bring children into the world in, die in, store junk in, insure and burn down. Dignity in houses is typified by a park-enclosed English country place; romance by a southern planter's mansion; poetry by a rose-embowered cottage, and humor by a modern flat."

As opposed to all this artificiality, in that charming essay of his entitled "Roof Tree," found in his "Signs and Seasons," John Burroughs insists that one of the greatest pleasures of life is to build a house for one's self. There is a peculiar satisfaction, he avers, even in planting a tree from which you hope to eat the fruit, or in the shade of which you hope to repose. But how much greater the pleasure in planting the roof-tree, the tree that bears the golden apples of home and hospitality and under the protection of which you hope to pass the remainder of your days. "My grandmother," says John Burroughs, "said the happiest day of her life was when she found herself mistress of a little log house in the woods. Grandfather and she had built it mainly with their own hands, and doubtless with as much eagerness and solicitude as the birds build their nests. It was home and fireside, a few square feet of the great, wild, inhospitable out of-doors subdued and set about by four walls and made warm and redolent of human hearts. Indeed, to build a house that shall not put nature and all the gentle divinities to shame, is the great problem. A house is for shelter, for comfort, for health and hospitality, to eat in, and sleep in, to be born in and die in. We can miss almost anything else from a building rather than a sense of repose. The domestic spirit is quiet, informal, unceremonious, loves ease, privacy, low tones, loves the chimney corner, the old arm chair, homely cares, children's simple pleasures, and why should it when it seeks to house itself, aim at the formal, the showy, the architectural, the external, the superfluous? When you seriously build a house, you make a public proclamation of your taste and manners or your want of them. When a new home is built, the heart moves in long before the workmen move out. The home should only be what you can afford to pay for."

The distinction between the house and the home is that the home is the gathering together under one roof of all that is nearest and dearest.

If I were asked my opinion as to the chief gift of making a happy home, I would say Cheerfulness. The saving grace of life is to love one's home. Men and women ofttimes complain that home is "dull", "quiet," "monotonous." As David Swing has said, "The home should be filled with love, honor, comradeship and unity. In trying to make your homes better, God will be with you, for he loves not more the altars of himself than the firesides of his children."

John Bascom: An Appreciation

It was my good fortune to know Dr. Bascom as neighbor, friend, and correspondent for some thirty years. We had our differences, but my admiration for him has been warm and constant. He was a great man who did a large work and deserved a wider recognition than he received. His mind was essentially philosophical, but practical rather than mystical. His intellectual processes were clear and comprehensive, vigorous and progressive,—as independent a thinker as our country ever produced. He mastered all the problems of philosophy in his own way and could give a reason for his opinion. He was hospitable to science, but not a slavish follower of all scientists. He realized that his views seemed old-fashioned to the world at present; but he advocated them, as they touched life at many points, in a score of volumes, which, though worthy a wider attention, had few readers.

But the distinguishing greatness of Dr. Bascom was ethical rather than speculative, in the line of character more than as a scholar. The simplicity, sincerity, and sanity of his personality gave to him rare and remarkable influence over young men and women. His contact with university students meant their moral regeneration. This power he showed in a large way during the fourteen years that he was president of the University of Wisconsin. In this respect he had no superior and few equals in our land. All his students showed the tonic and creative influence of his personality. Their respect for him was the sole disciplinary agency of the institution. His pre-eminence in this line should have given him wider fame.

Dr. Bascom reminded one of the Hebrew prophet in his best estate,—a mellowed and glorified Puritan; direct speech, frank manner, gracious smile, reverent spirit, contempt for display and artifice; courteous, but no courtier; ignorant of policy and indifferent to mere fashion; unworldly, but not bitter toward worldliness; his one commanding ambition, to know the truth, to live a pure life, and to be of use in the world; free from vanity, indifferent to fame, anxious to do good.

My last visit to Dr. Bascom was last June,—his last letter came last week. I found him active in his beautiful home at Williamstown, amidst the great trees that he had himself planted,—up at four o'clock and working three hours in his garden before breakfast,—too much, I thought, for a man eighty-five years old! How serenely and graciously he was closing his useful life in sweet companionship of wife and daughter! He enjoyed writing to the last, his thought nimble and his pen facile as the numerous articles in the *Christian Register* during the last year have shown. It may not be out of place to state that this was his favorite religious paper. A recent article in *The Dial,* America's chief literary journal, too little known in provincial Boston, on Mary Wollstonecraft, was especially a brilliant piece of interpretation, both just and tender. His monthly articles in a labor periodical gave him great pleasure to the end; for, without being a socialist, he responded to the social enthusiasm of the time and felt that many inequalities and injustices must be removed.

Permit a word about his religion. He was edu-

cated for the Congregational ministry at Andover, was not settled as a pastor, but frequently preached. For over a generation he was a member of the Faculty at Williams College,—his Alma Mater,—his period of service there divided by his presidency of the University of Wisconsin. It is well known that twice he just missed being elected president of his own college, chiefly because under the suspicion of heresy. These disappointments he bore with Christian patience, showing the reality of his religious faith.

Years ago, when consenting to preach for me at Madison, he said to me: "I shall probably live and die a Congregationalist, but I am very much of a Channing Unitarian." He disliked merely dogmatic preaching and disapproved of sectarian strife. He felt that many old dogmas ought to be allowed to die in peace. During my last visit to him in June, he sat by his desk in his study, and for two hours expounded his religious faith. It was to me one of the most sacred and impressive experiences of my life. He brushed aside with great vigor what he called the mythologies that obscured the person of Jesus and the being of God. With greater vigor and rare insight he described what seemed to him the everlasting principles of the Gospel, the vital convictions of religion. Such free but reverent handling of Scripture, such tender appreciation of Christ, such perfect trust in the goodness of God (the title of his last book),—all in all a declaration of faith that might well serve for a united Christendom.

One word more. Before leaving, I must ride once more with him over the wonderful hills about Williamstown, for years his daily joy; then at the end, facing their uplifted glories, a moment's quiet gaze with glowing face, and these quietly spoken words, "We cannot be sure of the morrow, but I am sure of God's love, and we shall meet again somewhere." There I left him. It was a beautiful but solemn parting. The light of his spirit still lights my way.—*Joseph H. Crooker, D. D., in the Christian Register.*

THE RETURN

This is my home, mine own abiding place!
Mine be its loneliness! Mine is its grace!
These pines my father set, he curved the road,
The cherokees he twined, and when the load
Of years o'ercame him, here at night would wait
His collies, whining by the broad-browed gate.
The mocking birds are singing on the vines!
A hush of mystery is in the pines!
The great white house is like a shrine to me;
Across the lovely valley to the sea
My mother looked, as though her patient eyes
Might somehow sight his sail against the skies.
Long have I loved the lure of unknown lands;
Long loved the wind that blows o'er alien sands!
Yet now I find no night too far away
To hear his faithful dogs; no distant day
So rare and beautiful I do not see
Her eyes that seem to search for him and me.
My home! Shall I alone forget thy gate
When birds return, and where his collies wait?

—*Winifred Webb, in The Craftsman.*

Three blissful words I name to thee
Three words of potent charm
From eating care thy heart to free
Thy life to shield from harm;—
Pray—work—and sing.

—*J. Stuart Blackie.*

FLEETS THAT SAIL TODAY

Oh, drum beat and the bugle call
For fleets that sail today!
There are throbs of woe in a million hearts
As you steam swift away,
And across the stretch of that ancient sea
Whose ships have trenched a path
Where, like you, warring galleys ploughed,
Drawn by their steeds of wrath.

Oh, monsters forged of iron and steel,
Whose face is hard as sin;
Ye belch anew the fires of hell
And roar with Etna's din.
Ye churn the sea whose azure hue
Is limned by evening's sun,
Whose weary waves can never wash
The blood from crimes begun.

And on this beach some orphan child
Will hear the mystic moan
Of shells that echo sobs of them
Whose graves, undug, unknown,
No mourner wreathes with favored flowers;
And gazing out to sea,
Will wait in vain for him to come
Who sailed from Italy.

Sail off with him whose mother's breast
Fed with the sap of life;
Weep if you can for the sailor lad
Who parts from home or wife,
And who will see in the brazen flash
Of a shell that smites his ship
The face of her, amid the hills,
Who kissed him on the lip.

Your shots are hot and iron hard,
And oh, how fierce they crash!
There's a host of youths afoot today
For you to maim and mash.
They're Allah's breed and Peter's sons,
And ever these twain are one:
But their blood pays for the hellish prize
When the deadly work is done.

Oh toss! ye waves, that endless rock,
For this is an ancient wail.
Ye have carried the fleets of Europe's foes
And long forgot their tale;
Ye have seen the Greek and the Roman war,
The Viking, the Moor and the Hun,
But now your Dreadnought kills a host
Where they of old slew one.

Allentown, Pa. JOSEPH LEISER.

Giving

Musicians tell us of an eloquent passage in Wagner's Lohrengrin after the marriage of the hero and heroine. Lohengrin goes to the window and opens it, and he and his beautiful bride stand together hand in hand and look at the arch of mysterious stars and the slender crescent of the new moon, breathing the fragrance of innumerable flowers; and as they stand thus, their hearts seem to flow together as one.

Ah me! Do we on these beautiful moonlight nights open the windows of our souls to the light, the fragrance, the beauty, the truth, the mystery, yes, the terror, the cruelty of the world? Would not our hearts flow together if we did?

I watched the opening of a tiny labiate flower by the wayside, and I thought how the universe pours into that little weed. But what the universe gives to the weed the weed gives out again in color, in form, in beauty.

So when friendship, beauty, knowledge, truth, good, pour into us, we should pour them out upon others. They should not be kept in secret for ourselves. They belong to humanity.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

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DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

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Dec. 13. John Galsworthy, the Recorder.
Dec. 20. H. G. Wells, the Utopian.
Jan. 3. W. W. Gibson, the Realist.
Jan. 10. A. D. Ficke, the Idealist.
Jan. 17. Harold Monro, the Prophet of the Future.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED

Nietzsche: Thus Spake Zarathustra.

Ibsen: Brand; Peer Gynt; Emperor and Galilean; The Master Builder; When We Dead Awaken.

Hardy: Tess of the D'Urbervilles; Jude the Obscure; The Dynasts.

Swinburne: Poetical and Dramatic Works.

Shaw: Man and Superman; Major Barbara; Getting Married.

Wells: Tono-Bungay; In the Days of the Comet; A Modern Utopia; The Future in America; First and Last Things.

Galsworthy: Strife; Justice; Fraternity.

Gibson: The Stonefolds; On the Threshold; Daily Bread.

Ficke: The Breaking of Bonds (Sherman French); The Happy Princess (Small Maynard); The Earth-Passion.

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THE UNIVERSALISTS

The recent session of the Universalist general convention at Springfield, Mass., promises to be memorable. Favorable action was taken on such questions of a political nature as Woman Suffrage and the International Arbitration Treaties. The watch word of the session was "social service." The pertinence of the principle of universal salvation as applied to social reform work was emphasized and the thought turned from the doctrinal to the practical and the ethical. Important administrative changes were made. A Foreign Missions Commission was created to develop the work formerly assigned to a sub-committee of the trustees. A Social Service Commission was also created and this work will rapidly develop.

The functions of the president of the convention were enlarged so as to make him not merely moderator of a legislative assembly, but also the directing and responsible executive leader of the church. This is a radical departure and reflects the "progressiveness" of the Universalist folks. Rev. Dr. Marion Shutter, of Minneapolis, was chosen to the new office and his many friends will anticipate significant results from the vigorous and broad-minded work of this leader from the Northwest.

Lynn, Mass. A. N. F.

THE BAPTISTS UNITING

Denominations have grown like the branches of a tree, but the cases of reunion have been so few since the Primitive Church divided into East and West that each case stands as a landmark. Following the return of the Cumberland Presbyterians to the main body of their denomination, we now see the Free Baptists sacrificing their identity to the main Baptist Church. This merger was effected in Boston on October 1. One hundred years ago these bodies were formed by a separation on the theological doctrines of Calvinism and Arminianism. Of late these doctrines have no longer been a test of membership in either bodies and the union, says *The Watchman* (Baptist, Boston), "is simply a recognition of the fact that the differences which caused the separation have disappeared." This statement follows:

"On October 1, simultaneously with this union of *The Watchman* and *The Morning Star*, the missionary funds and the administration of the home and foreign missions of the Free Baptists were transferred to the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, respectively, and the Sunday-school publications were transferred to the American Baptist Publication Society."

The union now effected is not a union of churches, but of organization for Christian work, points out *The Examiner* (New York). What is mainly aimed at is "economy in the missionary work" of this denomination. *The Examiner* adds:

"No 'denomination' agency could force two reluctant Baptist churches to unite, or one unwilling church to unite with another that desired it. All that is left where it belongs, with the individual churches. No coercion, but only the sweet constraint of love, can bring Baptist and Free Baptist into the close fellowship of the external church. But since little remains, save in time-hardened recollection, of the heated controversies which led to the unhappy disruption in 1780, it may reasonably be hoped that where two feeble plants are growing side by side in the same place they will not long be left to dispute the ground. A union between a Baptist and a Pedobaptist church would involve the compromise of a fundamental principle; such a union between a Regular and a Free Baptist church would involve only a concession of freedom of thought concerning doctrine which every Baptist claims, and exercises, for himself."

—*Literary Digest.*

"Preaching one Sunday at Whitefields, after Rev. Charles R. Brown had left, men of all ranks spoke to me with profound gratitude for the terse dynamic message of the new dean at Yale. The outstanding characteristic at the Whitefields men's meeting, whether the program seems to emphasize social work or political reform or economic policy, is that of intense religious fervor.....

"It was interesting to go out a Sunday later to East Ham, the farthest large center of the East of London, and speak to a Methodist Brotherhood in a vast hall packed with over 2,500 *men!* As we approached, it was thrilling to see all the converging streets blocked with hundreds of men, all making for the same meeting, not drawn by the announcement of any celebrated speaker or musician, but instinct with the passion for brotherhood. Less than half were members of any church. Underneath in a huge Sunday-school room were over 1,500 young people at Bible study. At night the pastor spoke to over 2,500 people, his associate downstairs preached to an overflow service of several hundreds, and still a few people could get no seats! The singing was contagious.

"During the strike I preached at Poplar and Bow in the docks region, habited by the toughest population in London's East End. On a hot Sunday the church was well filled, and the entire congregation sang a 'Te Deum' with fine precision. Friends have told me that they preached under the same conditions at Cardiff, Bristol, Bradford, Glasgow, and in suburban towns, as Bromley, Kent, etc., the same story is repeated."

—*Dr. Cox, in the Congregationalist.*

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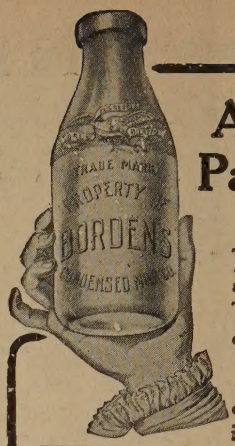

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